

THE
Cobler of Preston.

Alex. Gibson
F A R C E.

As it is acted at

The THEATRE ROYAL,

With great Applause.

Written by Mr. BULLOCK.

Alex. Gibson

G L A S G O W.

Printed in the year M D C C L V.

N. B. The Plan of the following Dramatic Entertainment
being taken from one of Shakespeare's, that author's
words and language, with little variation, are always
distinguished by inverted commas before each line.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by MR. BULLOCK, Jun.

T H O' this our farce bears such a name to night,
 Some heads, brim full of politics, t'invite;
 You'll find (at last) we took some prudent care,
 Not to run head-long on a party-square.
 No — tho' our scene's at Preston, we've no plot,
 But what old Shakespeare made — to ridicule a fot.
 Indeed I can't deny —
 But the under-plot was laid with a design
 To please some friends — and draw the vulgar in.
 If we succeed in this contracted play,
 We care not what the other house shall say: —
 If you consent, tho' they his right disown,
 We'll vouch the Cobler came from Preston town.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N A E.

Sir Jasper Manley, a coun- try gentleman,	Mr. Ogden.
Clerimont, another coun- try gentleman,	
Toby Guzzle, a drunken Cobler,	Mr. Spiller.
Snuffle, a puritan,	
Grist, a Miller,	Mr. Bullock, Jun.
Huntsman,	Mr. Bullock, Sen.
Butler,	
Cook,	
Servant,	
Maid,	Mrs. Garnet.
Dame Hacket, an ale- wife,	Mr. Hall.
Dorcas Guzzle, the Cob- ler's wife,	
Constable, and Attendants.	

S C E N E, P R E S T O N.

THE

C O B L E R

OF

P R E S T O N.

SCENE, *A Field.*

Enter Guzzle, drunk.

EGAD, mother Hacket's ale is notable stuff, poz-rozzetively! I am quite stitch'd up: I have got my skin full of good liquor, faith, if I can carry it home without spilling, and not like a stubborn pair of boots go awry.— By the mass, I think it is high time to be at home too, for the sun has been up this half hour.— Egad I wonder my Dorcas has not been to lug me home by the ears afore now— speak of the devil, and presently comes my wife. [Enter Dorcas Guzzle.

Dor. So you drunken beast, are you reeling home but now?

Guz. You see, my dove, I keep early hours— But thou art a very good wife— go thy ways home, and put the meat in the pot, and I'll take a nap till dinner-time.

Dor. The meat in the pot! put your own calves-head in the pot, you beast: who have you been with all night?

Guz. Rare company, girl, the miller, the excise man, the curate, and I, have been at whisk all night, at dame Hacket's— special ale, special ale, Dorcas—and after we had done cards, the Glover came in, and he and I went at it, hand to foot.

Dor. I may well be poor, an you keep such company; but I'll make you change your course of life: I did not marry you for this, you idle rogue; 'tis well known I had twenty good pounds to my portion, Sirrah, Sirrah.

Guz. Dear Dorcas, thou art a wench of such a leathern disposition, that all good counsel goes against the grain with thee; prithee let me stamp a good consideration or two on thee—

THE COBLER OF PRESTON.

know then a sole is made harder by thumping, and that I have been so us'd to the clamour of thy tongue, that now, like a smith's dog, I can sleep under an anvil.

Dor. Ah you wicked rogue, don't you think to go to the devil with the trade you drive? all Preston rings of your wickedness: Do you ever go to Church, you heathen?

Guz. No, but I sit up three nights a week with the curate, and that's as bad—but prithee honey, go home; I'll but step back to Dame Hacket's to fetch my tobacco-box, and follow thee straight. All shall be well, and I will put my life in repair.

Sings,

*I tell you that
— We know not at
What moment life is dated,
That all must mend
Before their end,*

For they must be translated.

Good Dorcas, go thy ways, I will mend, for I find it boots not to dally, time is on the spur, opportunity will not long last, the thred of life does wax shorter, death will give every man a sore punch, and then his work is at an end. [Exeunt severally.

Enter Hacket and Guzzle.

Hack. Sirrah, I say pay your reckoning, I'll be no longer fob'd off with a tale of to-morrow—pay me to day, you had best. Let me see, first for ale one shilling and five pence; for brandy one shilling and eight pence; for red herrings, bread, cheese, and tobacco, one shilling and eight pence more: then here's the mugs and glasses you broke in your drunken fits, and a score of the last week's, sirrah, of two shillings and a penny; pay it me, you had best now. Here have I sat all night long, breaking my rest, and wasting my firing: how shall my landlord or malster come paid at this rate?

Guz. "I—hic—I say be quiet, or I'll pheize you, you jade."

Hack. "You! matry an you pay me not, a pair of stocks shall be for you, you rogue."

Guz. You are a baggage, and you lye, I am no rogue, but honest Teby Guzzle, the one-ay'd Cobler of Preston, in Comitate Lancashire, and can pay your score off, with a wet finger. Our succeeding ancestors, before us, were gentlemen; we are descended of the antient Dutch family of the Mynhter Van Belch

THE COBLER OF PRESTON

and Guzzles. It was my aunt's uncle's father's great-grandfather that got Pot-valiant with Darby ale, and slew the dragon of Wantley.

Hack. Come, come, you lot, will you pay me the reckoning?

Guz. "No—not a soule, to day" hic—not a grig—zoons, hold your clack; an honest fellow can't drink a cup of ale and be merry, but you must spoil his sport with your damn'd ill-contriv'd jade's tricks—go get another flaggon of ale, and learn how to be civil to your betters—you shall be paid upon the word of a gentleman.

Hack. You a gentleman, you scoundrel! bat I'll make you pay me, "I'll fetch the Headborough to you. [Exit.

Guz. You may fetch the Wheelbarrow if you please, but I had much rather you'd fetch some more ale.

Sings. *Wheras king Henry rul'd the land,*

The second of that name,

Besides the queen he dearly lov'd

A fair and comely dame.—

Give me some more ale, and pipes and tobacco.

[Sits down.

Sings. *My Lodging it is on the cold ground,*

And very hard is my fare;

The unkindness of—Hic—my dear—

Where's this ale —————

[Falls asleep.

Enter Sir Jasper, Clermont, Huntsmen and Servants.

Sir Jasp. "This morning has produc'd us glorious sport, sure
"sleeter dogs ne'er ran: firrah, take care they are well fed to-
"day, to-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hunts. They shan't want my care, sir?

Sir Jasp. "Who's this lies here?

Cler. One either drunk or dead.

Hunts. "He breathes, I'm sure.

Sir Jasp. "Were he not warm'd with ale, this were a cold
"bed to sleep so sound on. What say you, Clermont, shall I
"send him home, have him wash'd clean, and stript of these
"filthy rags, and when he wakes fix some sham title of a lord
"upon him, my servants to attend and serve him, a rich suit
"to have him dress'd in, a banquet ready, music and wine to
"entertain him? he'd make sport that wou'd be worth the
"trouble.

2 THE COBLER OF PRESTON

Cler. I can't suppose he would believe his senses.
Sir Jasp. "Convey him gently to my chamber, take care
"you wake him not.

Hunts. "Yes, we'll play our parts with such diligence, he
"shan't suppose himself less than we'll call him.

Sir Jasp. "Away with him then; I'll overtake you. Let one
"of the maids be dress'd like his lady to entertain his lordship
"—go, I'll be with you, and give you further instructions.

[Exeunt. They carry him off.

Enter Dorcas Guzzle and Dame Hacket.

Dor. In plain terms you know where my husband is; you
have conceal'd him; he has been all night along with you, to
what end I know not, but I am afraid none of the best: he
comes not so often to your house for nothing; this is now the
fifth time within this fortnight he has been shrouding his ro-
guery under your wing the whole night together, leaving his law-
ful occasions undone, and neglected the wife of his bosom with-
out the comforts of wedlock: in short, Dame Hacket, I'll bear
it no longer.

Hack. Marry come up, I all night with your husband! I
all night with him! I have brought my hogs to a fine market
indeed, to take up with such a fellow as he is. No I'd have
you to know I scorn your words: I am a woman of reputation
in my calling, I lie upon a good feather-bed, have ale in my
cellar, and money in my purse, and want nothing such a rascal
can help me to.

Dor. Don't call him names, don't, I say; I'd have you to
know he's no rascal: you know that as well as I; and that's
the reason you hide him from me.

Hack, I hide him! hang him: Here he has run up a score
of above seven shillings, and pays nothing; he eats up my meat,
drinks up my drink, and the devil a farthing comes: I'd have
you to know I want no such customers, and if he comes to
my house again, I'll comb his head with a three-footed stool.

Dor. You comb his head!—you claw his elbow. Tho' I am
his wife, and may correct him by authority myself, yet no body
else shall: the man is a pains taking man in his calling; and if it
were not for such jades as you, wou'd be a husband good enough.

Hack. An you defame me, I'll take the law of you; I'll to
Sir Jasper's, and have his warrant for you, hussy.

THE COBLER OF PRESTON.

Dor. Do if you dare; I'll trounee you for keeping my husband from me, you may have murdered him for ought I know, you whore.

Hack. Bear witness; an it cost me forty shillings I'll deal with you: a whore! hussy, I am as honest a woman as any's in Preston, and a stirring woman too, that will leave no stone unturned to get a penny—— but remember what you called me; I'll have a warrant for you, hussy. [Exit.

S C E N E changes to a chamber.

Guzzle upon a couch, in a silk night-gown, servants attending him.

Guz. " Some small ale, mother Hacket, some small ale, I " say.

Butler. " Will your lordship be pleas'd to drink a glass of " sack?

Cook. " Will your honour be pleas'd to taste of these con- " serves?

Serv. 3. " Will your honour be pleas'd to dress? what succ " will you have brought you?

Guz. " Sute!" at whose suit?

Serv. " Yes, my lord; the velvet or the cloth sute you wore " yesterday?

Guz. " Why prithee, I am honest Toby Guzzle; call not " me honour, nor lordship, I ne'er drank sack, nor wore velvet " in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me con- " serves of beef or pork: and for choice of clothes, I have none; " I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than " legs, nor more shoes than feet; nay sometimes I have more " feet than shoes; or such shoes, as my toes look through the " upper leathers.

Enter Sir Jasper and Clerimont.

Sir Jas. " Health to your lordship.

Guz. Pox take you all, for a parcel of mad fools. Lord- ship! yes, I am a lord indeed! but such a lord as the devil never saw. What a plague is the matter with you all? and what do you mean? and where am I?

Sir Jas. " Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour! " oh, that a man of such descent, of such possessions, and of so " much honour, should be so lunatic, so lost in madness!

Guz. " Why, you go the why to make me mad among you:

" what a plague would you persuade me to? am not I Toby
" Guzzle, old Guzzle's son of Burton-Heath, by birth a pedlar,
" by education a cow-keeper, by transmutation a carter, and
" now by present profession a cobbler? why, ask Cicely Hacket,
" the fat Ale-wife of Preston, if she know me not, and says I
" am not fourteen pence on the score with her for sheer ale,"
I'll be hang'd with all my soul in my own stirrup at last: foot!
here's a do!

Cler. " This 'tis which makes your lady weep and mourn,
" your friends forsake you, and the busy world a stranger to
your worth.

Butl. " This 'tis that makes your faithful servants droop.

Guz. A plague confound you, tell me where I am, how I
came hither, who has put this gay kickshaw on my back, and
what you design to do with me.

Sir Jas. " Let me intreat your lordship be compos'd; your
" kindred shun your house, as beaten hence by your strange
" lunacy. Good noble lord, bethink you of your birth, call home
" your antient thoughts from banishment, and banish hence those
" lowly abject dreams; look on these persons that attend to
" serve you, each in his office, ready at your call: we pray you
" eat and drink, and call for music; we'll have a thousand en-
" tertainments for you, to divert and soften the effects of this
" sad malady.

Guz. Well, if I must eat and drink, I must: nay, to say
truth, I'm never very averse to that—come, the sack you talked
of—call you these conserves, ha?—nay, they may be so for-
ought I know, I have no great judgment. [Eats and drinks.

Sir Jas. " Say, will you take the air? your gilded chariot
" shall be ready for you. Do you love hawking? you have
" hawks will soar above the morning lark. Or will you hunt?
" your hounds shall make the welkin answer 'em, and fetch
" shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Guz. A little more sack.

[Not minding them.

Cler. " Do you love pictures? we will show you Adonis
" painted by a murmuring brook, and Citharea all in sedges
" hid; which seem to move and wanton with her breath, even
" as real rushes play with the wind.

Guz. Another sop of sack: faith, 'tis excellent liquor.

Sir Jas. " We'll shew you Io, as she was a maid, and how
" she was surpriz'd, as lively painted as the deed were done.

Guz. No, prithee, let your Io's and your Donies alone, and

fetch me a little of this what-d'ye call it to eat, 'tis pretty sort of stuff enough; I like it —— and sack, more sack.

Sir Jasp. "Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
" scratching her snow-white legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
" and at the sight shall see Apollo weep, so workmanly the blood
" and leaves are drawn.

Guz. I'll have no Daphne's nor Apollo's, not I.

Cler. Will you be pleas'd to dress?

Guz. Dress! Why, ay, there's no great harm in that; come, let's see — od, these are delicate fine things indeed; I shall be a lord in good earnest.

Cler. "You are a lord, and have a lady far more beautiful
" than any woman in this waining age.

Guz. Have I? good-luck!

Sir Jasp. "And till the tears, which she has shed for you,
" o'er-ran her lovely face, she was the fairest creature in the
" world; yet now she is inferiour to few.

Guz. Good-luck, I had quite forgot her! all this may be true; for I find this eating and drinking, and these fine clothes, do clear up a man's understanding; I was born to be a lord, I find; and the cobbler of Preston, with the story of Dorcas Guz-zle, whom I suppos'd to be my wife, is all a dream, nothing but a dream: I am a lord, tho' the Lord knows how it comes about; but 'tis no great matter. Prithee, honest Diligence, bring our lady to our sight, and once again some sack.

Sir Jasp. "O how we joy to see your wits restor'd! these
" fifteen years you have been in a sort of dream.

Guz. "Hal! fifteen years! — by my faith a very goodly nap!
" but did I never speak in all that time?

Sir Jasp. "Yes, my lord, but very idle words; for tho' you
" lay here in this rich chamber, yet wou'd you say you were
" beaten out of doors, and rail'd against the hostess of the house,
" saying, you wou'd present her at the Leet, because she bought
" stone jugs that wanted measure; sometimes you wou'd call
" out of Judah Hacket.

Guz. "Ay, the woman's daughter of the house.

Cler. "Why, Sir, we know no such house, nor no such
" maid, nor yet such men as you have mentioned.

Guz. No!

Cler. No, my good lord.

Guz. What a damnable dream have I been in for these
fifteen years?

Cler. But now you are awake.

Guz. I am so, heaven be thanked.

Enter a Servant dress'd as a Lady.

Lady. " How fares my noble lord ?

Guz. "Marry, I fare well enough now I'm awake; prithee, " Diligence, some more sack—but where's my wife, Diligence?"

Lady. "Here, my lord; what is your pleasure with me?"

Guz. "Are you my wife, and won't call me husband? my men should call me lord, not you: I am your good-man, or your spouse, or your hubba, or something like that."

Lady. " You are both my lord and husband, and I your
" lady and obedient wife.

Guz. This is a damnable dream I have been in! Diligence,

"what must I call her?" Sir Jas. "Madam,"

Guz, "Alice madam, or Joan madam, or haw?"

Sir Jas. Madam, and nothing else; but I have
Guz. Madam wife, sit by us; they tell me I have slept and

Lady. " Yes, and it seems thirty unto me, my lord, being

" all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Guy. 'Twas pity—Heark ye Diligence, get you all gone.

and leave madam wife and I by ourselves.—You know what I'd have, Sirrah.

Lady. What does your lordship mean? How easy would
Guz. I wou'd have you undress, that we may go to bed to-
gether. as good reason I tell you

Lady. " O by no means! I must intreat you to excuse me yet for a night or two; or if not so, until the sun be set: for your physicians have expressly charg'd, on peril to incur your former malady, that I should yet absent me from your bed. I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Guz. Ay, it does so; I must stay your pleasure, for I should be horribly loth to fall into my dream again—Diligence, some more sack—fine liquor, faith!

Sir Jas. You shall, my lord. *in your audience with him*

Enter Clermont. See via N.Y. & C.R.

Cler. Some of your honour's neighbours, hearing of your recovery, are come with music, songs, and dances, to entertain you.

THE COBLER OF PRESTON.

Guz. With all my heart, let 'em come in; I love a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick.

Here a Song and a Dance.

Guz. Very well, faith—some more sack.

Enter Servant.

Serv. An't please your honour, there are two women without, one of them had your warrant for the other, to answer her complaint.

Guz. Diligence!

Sir Jas. My lord!

Guz. Am I a justice o'the peace?

Sir Jas. Yes, your lordship is, you knew it.

Guz. Who is our clerk?

Sir Jas. I am, my lord.

Guz. Let them come in.

Enter Guzzle's Wife and Dame Hacket.

Zoons! I'm in a dream again! there's Ciccy Hacket, and the jade my wife.

Hack. So please your worship— [To Sir Jas.]

Sir Jas. You are mistaken, woman, that's my lord; I have no business when his lordship's well—there sits the Justice.

Guz. Ay, we sit here; what wou'd you have with us?

Hack. This naughty woman, an please your worship—

Guz. Hold, hold—shou'd she not call me honour?

Sir Jas. Yes, my lord.

Guz. Look ye there, woman, you shou'd know your distance, and in what manner to approach our person; call us your honour, woman.

Hack. An please your honour, this false woman has most wickedly abus'd me, defam'd to the world, to ruin me, and spoil my reputation; she has call'd me whore, an please you.

Guz. By my honour, a material point! here's Scandilum Magnation in the case, this must not go unpunish'd—but hold a little—are you both awake now, or in a dream?—give me some sack, delicious sack.

Hack. No, no, my lord, I don't dream.

Guz. Well, what say you, woman?—Diligence, we must do justice, and hear both sides; 'tis an old maxim in these affairs, That one's story is good, till another's be told.

Sir Jasp. Yes, my lord.

Guz. Proceed, woman.

D. Guz. I am, so please you, a poor Cobler's wife of Preston; my husband this wicked woman has taken from me; he was once an honest man, and liv'd in peace and love with me for fifteen years; but falling into the company of that lewd woman, she has seduc'd him, and drawn him into her snare, from his home, and from me his wife.

Guz. What was your husband's name?

D. Guz. Toby Guzzle, so please you.

Guz. Psha! psha! you know not what you say, woman; 'tis all a dream, I tell you.

D. Guz. Indeed, my lord, 'tis true.

Guz. How! sure I know better than you, you baggage: wou'd you give the lye to authority? throw the lye in the very face of authority?—I tell you I am authority, and were I to say the moon is made of a mustard-pot, you must believe it—give me some sack—I say 'tis all a dream, you have no husband, nor is there any such a man as Toby Guzzle.

D. Guz. I know not what your honour means, but I'm sure—

Guz. You lye, you are not sure; for I say, woman, 'tis impossible to be sure of any thing but death and taxes—therefore hold your tongue, or you shall both be soundly whipt—sure I know my office—give me some sack—lord, how I sweat! why I was in a dream for fifteen years myself, and dreamt I marry'd you—Dorcus is your name?

D. Guz. Toby! odds-daggers! Mr. Justice's honour, my husband! a lord, with a pox to you! I'll claw you, you dog!

Guz. Lay hold on her—

Hack. Ah, you carrion cur, do we come to you for justice?

Guz. She's in a dream too, lay hold on her—some sack, I say.

Sir Jasp. Will your honour be pleas'd to discharge 'em, and send 'em home?

Guz. Discharge 'em; no, I think not: what do I sit here for? they are scolding queans, and let 'em be whipt, or carry them to the Ribble and duck 'em——I'll try if I can tame you—give me some sack——lord, how I labour!

Sir Jasp. Away with 'em.

Hack. Don't tell me, I'll not be duck'd—

D. Guz. Not I neither, I'll—

Sir Jasp. You are not to answer any thing; 'tis his worship's orders and must be executed: away with 'em——

Hack. I say I'll—— ——— [They are burried off.

Guz. Away, away with 'em, I say——and some more sack—— what's here! neighbour Grist the miller, and master Snuffle——

Enter a Miller and Snuffle.

Well, and what are your complaints?

Snuf. May it please your worship, while I was gone this morning to pour forth some spiritual comfort unto a tender ewe, belonging unto my own flock; my wife, it seems, being a weak vessel, and mov'd more abundantly by the mightiness of the flesh than the meekness of the spirit, drew this lewd miller into the very mouse trap of iniquity. I coming home somewhat before my usual time, this son of darkness was put under a dough-trough. I, being innocent of all, sat me down to breakfast (having first crav'd a blessing) Deborah sat her down also. While I was thus comforting the outward man, the miller under the trough happen'd to sneeze. The noise proceeding from behind my wife, I said unto her, *Bless you, good woman! bless you!* But he sneezing twice or thrice more, I became sensible of my error, and approached the place from whence I thought the noise did proceed; and turning over the dough-trough, became a witness of my wife's sin, and my own shame—— I did then proceed to reprehend the miller in a most patient manner; but he, being harden'd in his guilt, did answer my rebukes with a strong cudgel over my weak shoulders——yea——he hath bruised me exceedingly.

Guz. Miller, thou art, I perceive, a knave in grain, and measurest not as thou wouldest be measured unto, for thus striking the flower of patience; but I will bolt out the truth of this story——therefore Miller, be not mealy-mouth'd, but proceed to thy defence——but see you use not chaffy arguments——give me some more sack.

Mill. May it please your worship, altho' I'm a miller, I am a very honest man, and that mahap you'll say's a wonder; but howsomedever I scorn to deny the truth: master Snuffle's wife and I have been very great, and for that matter——so has my wife and master Snuffle.

Guz. How! how's that?

Mill. For he threatening to go for a warrant for me, you

must know I went my ways to drink a flaggon of my dame Hacket's ale, (and good ale 'tis as ony's in Preston.)

Guz. Ay, so 'tis, miller.

Mill. And then I went home, and told our Joan all that had happen'd; and all of a sudden my little dog, that I keep to hunt the hogs out o'the mill, fell a barking at a sack that stood up in the chimney-nook (barks like a dog) whoop, quo' I, what at murrain mun this be now? so what does me I, but opens the sack, and who should be in it but this false teacher: so that the short and the long is, an't shall please your worship, that if I have expounded in his pulpit—he has held forth in my hopper; and there's an end on't.

Guz. The Miller speaks well, and not like a proud coxcomb, one of your corn-fed fools—I must acquit you both, for, according to law, exchange is no robbery; and so this case seems to be. Miller, go thee home, use thy wife well, and she'll not carry her Grist to another man's mill. Now for thee, master Snuffle, who art by trade both taylor and saddler, a workman for man and beast, who hast leap'd from thy shop-board into the half-tub—and with a taylor's-head made Sermons without either head or tail; and instead of pressing cloth with thy goose, hast often, like a goose, oppress'd the truth; I say, keep to thy calling, and cut thy coat according to thy cloth.

Snuf. But if your worship would hear me——

Guz. I won't hear——what! instruct justice!——

Snuf. Yea, verily, it is our way; it being our opinion, that dominion is founded on grace.

Guz. I say, taylor, don't cloke over a tatte'd suit of hypocritical knavery; with a fair facing of an outside profession: for let me tell you, goodman taylor, or saddler, you want a bridle; for you have more mouth than bit, and need no spur to wickedness: but let me advise you, you get not strappings for cutting thongs out of other mens leather, but for the future be girt with prudence, accept the Snarffle of admonition, and cease to stir up sedition, lest yan become a well-pummell'd saddler, and so I'll sing you a song:

Sings. *Who puts a doublet on a horse,*

Or on a man a saddle,

Or claps a stocking on his head,

Sure that man's brain is addle:

Then let not men ungifted paddle

In streams of sanctuary;

*Teach without knowledge, basely meddle
With what their heads can't carry.*

So get you gone home, and mend your life. High-ho! I'll but take a nap, and talk with you again—

[*He falls asleep. Exit Snuffle and Miller.*

Sir Jasp. The wretch has made himself dead drunk again: what! shall we disrobe him of his state and honour, and leave him in the place we found him?

Cler. Ay, I'm satisfied with laughing, I ne'er saw better sport.

Sir Jasp. How monstrous is this fellow's drunkeness! were he sure of paradise, on the condition of leaving it, he wou'd forfeit the blessing the first time opportunity put it in his power——but come let's attend his lordship, and take our leave of him.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Servants carry off Guzale.*

S C E N E changes to a field.

Enter Dame Hacket and Dorcas Guzale, wet and dirty.

D. Guz. This comes of your warrant at your breech: an you had not been so quarrelsome, this had never been.

Hack. I'll rogue him, I'll honour him, and justice him; I'll teach him to duck an honest woman, to quoist me into the river like a cat: you knew him, and be hang'd to you; I did not, not I, a drop-gallows.

D. Guz. No, in truth, if I had known his rogueish, the devil shou'd have had him, before I'd have call'd him honour.

Hack. I'll scouse him.

D. Guz. I'll run an awl in his buttocks, the first time I lay my eyes on him, a dog-whelp.

Häck. But how came Sir Jasper Manly to concern himself with him?

D. Guz. I know not, but here's a guinea one of the servants gave me when they pull'd me out of the water; he told me you must have half on't, and bid us put up the injury, Sir Jasper would make us amends.

Hack. Ay, that's something indeed; yet by the by, 'tis a plaguy thing that poor folks bones must pay for rich folks frolics and whims. But come let's go warm our insides with a flaggon or two of my ale, and dry our outsides by the fire, where we'll study to be reveng'd—but see, here come Sir Jasper's servants with that drunken beast your husband! let us step to

the hedge, and pluck a couple of cudgels, and try if we can wake him out of his dream.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Servants, bring in Guzzle asleep, and lay him down.

Ser. 1. Throw him down, lay his honour in the dust again, and there let him rest. Softly, for fear he wakes—go you beast—now away, that we mayn't be seen. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Dame Hacket and Dorcas Guzzle, with each a stick.

Hack. Oh, you cursed dog, are you in querpo again?

D. Guz. Oh, you rogue, rouze, rouzé and be hang'd.

[Strikes him.]

Guz. Give me some sack, Mr. Diligence.

Hack. A halter for you.

[Strikes him.]

Guz. Mother Hacket, give me some ale—where am I, and where have I been? I am in a dream again.

Hack. We'll fetch you out of it.

[Strikes him.]

Guz. Wife!

D. Guz. You were a lord, and a justice, and sent me to the ducking-stool, did you? but I'll rogue you for it.

Hack. Here, get up, you dog-rogue.

Guz. Hold, hold, you cursed jades! will you murder a man in cold blood? hold, I say! [They both beat him.]

D. Guz. No, no, we are the justices now.

Hack. Ay, now 'tis our turn, Sirrah.

Guz. Nay, if it comes to this once, I must make one.

[Takes his strap from his shoulders, and beats both of 'em.]

Both. Hold, hold! a truce, a truce!

Guz. I care not, I'll treat of peace with sword in hand—is it peace or war?

Both. Peace, peace.

Guz. Down with your weapons then—and lie thou there, correction—[They fling down their sticks.] Now let's shake hands, laugh at all that has happen'd, and drown animosities in a dozen of ale—I have a merry hog left yet—[Feels in his pocket, and pulls out a purse.] Ha! a purse! and forty or fifty good shillings in it! the best part of my dream's at last—this will make me a man again—Cicely, I'll pay thy score off first: nay, prithee, Dorcas, don't thee frown—look here—chink, think! sure that which stitches up seams between kingdoms, will make the merry Cobler of Preston and his wife, friends again.

Ad's-foot give me thy hand, let all quarrels cease,

" And when we are a-bed, we'll sign the peace.

A D I A L O G U E

Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE and Mrs. FITZGERALD.

He. SINCE times are so bad, I must tell thee sweet-heart,
 I'm thinking to leave off my plow and my cart:
 And to the fair city a journey will go,
 To better my fortune, as other folks do:
 Since some have from ditches,
 And coarse leather breeches,
 Been rais'd to be rulers, and wallow'd in riches.
 Prithee come, come from thy wheel;
 For if gypsies don't lye,
 I shall be a governour too, ere I die.

She. Ah, Collin! by all thy late doings I find,
 With sorrow and trouble the pride of thy mind;
 Our sheep now at random disorderly run,
 And now Sunday's jacket goes ev'ry day on:
 Ah! what dost mean?

He. To make my shoes clean,
 And foot it to court to the king and the queen.
 Where shewing my parts, I preferment shall win.

She. Fie! 'tis better for us to plow and to spin;
 For as to the court when thou happen'st to try,
 Thou'l find nothing got there, unless thou canst buy.
 For money the devil, the devil and all's to be found,
 But no good parts minded, without the good pound.

He. Why then I'll take arms,
 And follow alarms,
 Hunt honour that now-a days plaguy charms.

She. And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow,
 And curse thyself after for leaving the plow.

He. Suppose I turn gamester?

She. So cheat and be hang'd:

He. What think'st of the road then?

She. The highway to be hang'd.

He. Nice pimping, however, yields profit for life,
 I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

She. That's dangerous too,
 Amongst the town-crew,
 For some of 'em will do the same thing by you;
 And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in:
 Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

He. Will nothing prefer me? what think'st of the law?

She. O! while you live, Collin, keep out of that paw.

He. I'll cant, and I'll pray:

She. Ah! there's nought got that way;
 There's no one minds now what those black cattel say.
 Let all our whole care
 Be our farming affair,

He. To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

Two Voices.

Ambition's a trade no contentment can show:

She. So I'll to my distaff,

He. And I'll to my plow.

C H O R U S.

Let all our whole care
 Be our farming affair,
 To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.
 Ambition's a trade no contentment can show;
 So I'll to my distaff,
 And I'll to my plow;



THE END.